

Contributions

ACROSTIC—Elder John P. Wolfe.

J. W. BEER

Elder and brother, beloved of all,
 Living in hope, yet awaiting his call,
 Daily expecting his summons to go,
 E'en in anointing his faith did he show.
 Rising above all the troubles of time,
 He is now feasting on joys more sublime.
 John, a disciple of Jesus our Lord,
 One of the chosen and led by His word,
 Happy is he, having gone to his rest,
 Nigh to the Master, at home with the blest.
 Precious the life, most exemplary, sweet,
 This loving brother again we shall meet.
 When he departed, our hearts were all sad:
 Once we shall meet him and then shall be glad,
 Living forever in mansions of bliss,
 Finding the joys that we longed for in this.
 Ever with Jesus our Saviour we'll reign,
 And the sought glory we then shall attain.

Vernalis, Calif.

FLOWERS

CLARA W. MILLER

Out of the sunny Southland there greets us a beautiful maiden—incense-breathing Spring hoar Winter's blooming child. Her face is bright and smiling. She is clothed in a mantle of palest green. Under her feet the crocuses, the daffodils, the sweet arbutus, and the violets bloom in all their variegated splendor, and the forget-me-nots smile sweetly and the blue-bells ring. In her hands she holds the carmine pink, the pale heliotrope, the alabaster lily, the purple pansy, and the damask rose. At her gentle call come the warbling band. Her breath is warm and fragrant and all nature rejoices in the ambrosial air.

This fairy queen has stretched forth her wand over the cold, gray earth and she unlocked her bosom and myriads of tiny forms are struggling upward. Beauty springs out of desolation, graves are opened and life is bursting everywhere.

"I come, I come! ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
 Ye may trace my step o'er the awakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves, opening as I pass."

The flowers are the harbingers of joy. In the Bible are mentioned the rose, the rose of Sharon, the lily, the lily of the valley, and the flowers of the grass. The lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was a flower, and that a lily. "Consider the lilies how they grow." Easter-day garlanded with its wealth of floral beauty seems to address us saying, "Consider the fuchsias, consider the carnations, consider the hyacinths."

The flowers speak. When the clouds speak they thunder, when cataracts speak they roar, but when the flowers speak they always whisper. Yes, flowers are almost human. Botanists tell

us that they breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink, they are sensitive, they sleep, they wake, they live in families. Some seem to smile, some are pensive, others are plain and upright.

There is a beautiful legend that represents the rain-bow as the heaven of the flowers. The rich and varied colors faded by earth's sun are wrought anew and blended into one iridescent arch.

In Chaucer nearly all spring flowers are mentioned, and all along the lines of Tennyson flowers are noted lovingly. Many a poet has sealed his fame into a song about some favorite flower, and clothed in the garb of verse a lofty and immortal thought. Wordsworth's celandines and daffodils, Burn's daisy, Lowell's dandelion, Longfellow's flower-de-luce, Emerson's rhodora, Moore's rose, Bryant's violet preach to us if we will hear. Yes, flowers bring "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." Leigh Hunt's "Song of the flowers" is one of the prettiest poems in our language.

"Who shall say that flowers
 Dress not heaven's own bowers?
 Oh, pray believe that angels,
 From those blue dominions,
 Brought us, in their white laps down,
 'Twixt their golden pinions."

Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration. Mungo Park had his life saved by a flower.

The worst gash ever made in the side of the earth is the grave. It is so deep, so cruel that it needs something to cover it over. There are pillows of flowers which denote rest; there are crosses of flowers which point to Calvary where Christ died; there are anchors of flowers which reveal hope.

Who has not loved the pure, sweet flowers long and well? They each have a secret to tell and will charm you with their witching power.

"For mine is the old belief,
 There's a soul in every leaf!"

Hiram, O.

THE NEEDS OF THE CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA
FROM A MINISTERIAL POINT OF VIEW

J. W. BEER.

This paper was prepared for the California conference, and for the accommodation of the writer it was read by his wife, Mrs. H. E. Beer.

My topic is not the needs of the church in general, nor the needs of the churches but the "Needs of the church in California," and this "from a Ministerial Point of View." To know what are the needs of the church in California requires of us to know what the church in this place should have and what it does have: then by striking the difference between the does have and the should have, we see the Needs of the Church in California.

Active and observing ministers in California ought to be able to see what is the condition of the church, and such a

minister knows in what condition the church should be, and therefore, he should understand what are the Needs of the Church in California. You all understand that your humble essayist has not been able for several years past to be an active minister, and that he has not been in a position to observe and see clearly and fully what the church in California does need. With this understanding before us, let us endeavor to have a glimpse of what the church in California needs.

1. The church in California is now in need of what it has always needed, and what the church needs and has needed in every other place—a greater zeal for the cause of Christ

Zeal is passionate ardor, earnestness. The greater this ardor or earnestness, the greater the zeal. Christ our great Exemplar on one occasion manifested his zeal by making a scourge of small cords and driving out of the temple what should not have been there. He "found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting; and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise. And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." John 2:13-17 Our zeal for a cause is in accordance with the love we have for it, the greater our love, the greater our zeal; the greater our zeal the more willing we are to deny ourselves and exert ourselves for that cause. If we love God and Christ and Christianity as we should, with the whole heart, with all our powers of affection, we will have a zeal that will impel us to do all we can, to exert ourselves to the utmost for the spread of the gospel of Christ, and for the salvation of souls for whom Jesus died. We will be ready to use ourselves, our time, our strength, our means in such a way as to advance the cause of Christ, save souls, and glorify God. How many are there among us of whom it may consistently be said, the zeal of the Lord's house hath eaten him up: he is doing all for the salvation of souls that he possibly can do?

2. As the church in California, as in other places, is composed of individual members, a majority of whom need more zeal and more love for the great cause, we may safely assume that the church needs a general revival. That this may be brought about it will be necessary for the truly zealous and devoted to put forth a special effort in this direction. It should be deeply impressed upon the heart of every member of Christ's body on the heart of every brother and sister